

What Jail Is Like (Demo, Recorded At Ultrasuede)

The Afghan Whigs

I'll warn you, if cornered
I'll scratch my way out of the pain
Wired, an animal
The claustrophobia begins Think I'm scared of girls
Well maybe
But I'm not afraid of you
You wanna scare me
Then you'll cling to me no matter what I do Tell you a secret
They shared a needle once or twice
I loved her, she loved me
We slept together a couple of times Think I'm proud of this
Well maybe
But the shame you never lose
Infatuated with a lunatic and cornered by the muse And it goes down every night
This must be what jail is really like
And I will scratch my way out of this pain, again Lonely?
Maybe or maybe not
It all depends
Your ideal, your image
Your definition of a friend If what you're shoveling is company
Then I'd rather be alone
Resentment always goes much further than it was supposed to go And it goes down every night
This must be what jail is really like
And I will scratch my way out of this pain, again
And I will crawl back in to where we have been I'll warn you, if cornered
I'll scratch my way out of the pain
Wired, an animal

Songwriters

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